AN

ODE

Sacred to the Memory of that truly Pious and Honourable Lady,

The Countess of BERKELEY.

Inscrib'd to the Honourable

The Earl of BERKELEY.

Nec tibi vespero
Surgente decedunt Amores,
Nec rapidum fugiente Solem.
Hor. Lib. 2. Ode 9.

By Mr. NEWCOMB.

LONDON:

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(Price One Shilling.)

Mr. CURLL,

I Have perus'd the POEM which you receive with this, with much Pleasure, and I believe you will find your Advantage considerable in Printing it.

Yours, &c.

Haslemere,
May 26, 1717. E. YOUNG.

AN ODE.

AS Roſes in their early Bloom,
Their Incenſe waſte, and Glories hide,
And to that Morning owe their Doom,
Which promis'd to enlarge their Pride:

So, lovely to our raviſh'd Sight,
Thy Beams, *fair Nymph*, all Nature chear'd;
And, opening juſt their infant Light,
Surpriz'd the World, and diſappear'd.

Our anxious Boſoms are at Strife,
The Gods ſevere, or kind, to call;
To bleſs their Bounty for thy Life,
Or chide their Rigour in thy Fall.

Whoſe Heaven, when on thy Fate we muſe,
Shall hence a doubtful Fame enjoy;
Ador'd, it could ſuch Worth produce,
And *damn'd*, it ſhould that Worth deſtroy.

New from the great Creator's Care,
The beauteous Mother of Mankind,
Alone could boaſt a *Form* ſo fair,
United to ſo pure a *Mind*.

A great Example born to give
To all, who either State would try;
Taught by her Virtues how to live,
And by her Suff'ring, how to die!

Nature before did ne'er unite
Such Wonders in one Form confin'd;
Her Beauties blooming to delight,
Her Goodneſs to improve, Mankind.

As ſome fair Flower the God of Day
Inſpiring with his Golden Light,
Receives again th' unblemiſh'd Ray,
More fragrant far, and full as bright.

So from its ſacred Earth releas'd,
Her Virgin Soul perſues its Way,
Thro' Scenes of Bliſs, *no* Stain confeſs'd,
Or Tincture from the beauteous Clay.

But with ſoft Reluctance free'd,
Does ev'n to Joy relenting move;
Looks back with Pain, nor hopes to meet
A Tenement more fair Above!

See how at Court the penſive Fair
The Abſence of that Light bemoan;
That Light, which ſhining did impair
The Fame and Luſtre of their own.

All Envy now, in Sorrow ſpent,
Is kindly on her Hearſe allay'd;
Confeſſing all, her Goodneſs lent
More Pleaſure, than her Eyes deſtroy'd.

Never, but a *Loviſa*'s Tomb,
Did Pity Female Pride ſubdue;
Or the ſame Fate, which aids their Bloom,
At once command their Sorrows too.

Thus *Pompey*'s Death, on *Egypt*'s Shore,
His weeping Rival did bemoan;
Tho' in his *Fall* he gain'd a Power
To rule the vanquiſh'd World *alone*.

Now plac'd no longer near her Light,
Each Nymph her Wonder does declare,
Why her weak Virtue ſhines *more* bright,
And her faint Beauties ſeem *more* fair.

A Thouſand Breaſts, by Love beguil'd,
Now own the Juſtice of *their* Reign,
Confeſs thoſe Charms, which, when ſhe ſmil'd,
Strove to ſecure *one* Heart in vain.

Thoſe Eyes, which with their ſoft Addreſs
No Slave, 'till now, in Chains confin'd;
Now Nature's kind Indulgence bleſs,
And, conqu'ring, *arm* the Goddeſs *kind*.

Such Grief the *Princely Dame* betrays,
(Her Love ſcarce equal to her Moan)
She Crowns with *leſs* Delight *ſurveys*,
And ſits *dejected* near a Throne.

To

To be ador'd by *ſuch* a Voice,
With Nymphs like *her* inſpir'd to live,
Makes Kingdoms *equal* to her Choice,
And Scepters *worth* thoſe Cares they give.

Oh! *Richmond!* ſure you are inclin'd
Thar pious Error to diſclaim,
That after Death to *pure* a Mind
Should ever need a purging Flame.

If in her ſpotleſs Life appear
No riſing Bluſh, or conſcious Stain,
Why ſhould your *fond* miſtaken Fear,
Without the *Guilt*, aſſign the *Pain?*

Let ſuch exalted Virtue prove,
She to *her ſelf* her Heav'n does owe;
That to deſerve a *Crown* above,
She needs no *Succours* from below.

See!

See! *Berkley!* what a *kind* Diſpair,
On every Cheek *what* Sorrows reign;
Tho' none beſide your *Joys* could ſhare,
Yet all alike partake your *Pain.*

Your *Anguiſh* in each Feature read,
Far as her *Beauty's* Fame ſhall go;
And none decide, which wider ſpread,
The *Goddeſs* Charms, or *Hero's* Woe.

In ſofteſt Minds what *Paſſions* ſleep,
In warlike Breaſts what *Terrors* move,
In you united are, who *weep*
With *Venus*, or *command* with *Jove!*

Tho' your brave Sword *whole Seas* imbrue
With *Gallick* Blood, your Courage gains
Leſs Glory when your *Arm* ſubdues,
Than when your Sorrow *thus* complains.

Adven-

Advent'rous Deeds by Heroes wrought,
The Poets shall no longer tell;
Even your Fame shall be forgot,
Upon your *noble Chief* to dwell.

Helmets, and Crests, and blazing Shields,
The Muses *chaunt* Theme before,
Discolour'd Seas, and bleeding *Fields*,
Shall fill their sounding Verse no more.

See! the great Chief, unmatch'd by all
The *Gallick* Pow'r *despairing* lies,
And trembling at *Louis*'s Fall,
See in the *Man*, the *Warrior* dies.

Not thus he look'd, the purple Main
Around with gasping Victims spread,
Or riding o'er the num'rous *Slain*,
Or urging those his *Thunder* led.

Such

Such Fear, to view her Fate, confeſt;
And ebbing Life could only prove,
That nothing ever *yet* ſuppreſt
His Courage, but his *greater Love.*

Oh *Berkley!* tho' your ſpreading Fame
In diſtant *Worlds* has been approv'd,
We ſhall no more your Triumphs name,
Nor *where* you fought, but *how* you lov'd.

As you *Louiſa's* [illegible]
Scarce in the *glorious Strife* appears
More Fame, in *Fields* to waſte your Gore,
Than on her *Hearſe* to ſhed your Tears.

Thus the fam'd *Pallas*, Virgin Breaſt,
With *Rage* and *Pity* is array'd,
In the ſame Boſom lives, confeſt,
The *generous* Chief and *gentle* Maid.

Thoſe Gifts in which the Nymph excells,
We in your Breaſt, Admiring, view;
Where *all* the Warriour's Terror dwells,
And *all* the Virgin's Fondneſs too.

Your Eyes to view thoſe Beauties deign,
Your Soul to read thoſe Graces lend;
Which could your *Thirſt* of Fame reſtrain,
And *Calls* to Glory *once* ſuſpend.

Each Paſſion elſe by Virtue ſtood,
Cloſe guarded in her Godlike Mind;
While *that alone* of doing Good,
Was always free and unconfin'd.

Thus raging *Seas* their Limits know,
In Shores by Nature's Wiſdom bound;
While fruitful Streams their Banks o'erflow,
Bleſſing each happy Plain they *drown'd*.

'Twas

'Twas not her high Immortal Race,
From *Richmond* ſprung, of *Brudenall* born;
'Twas not that numerous Prince's Grace,
And *Kings* themſelves her Line adorn.

That Goodneſs which her Breaſt inſpir'd,
From her own Choice deriv'd its Fame;
That *ſhe* had liv'd by all admir'd
Alike, with any other Name!

She pity'd thoſe whoſe high Deſcent
Was all the *borrow'd Fame* they knew;
Who to her Princely Titles lent
More Glory than from *thence* ſhe drew.

Thus Emeralds refulgent Rays
The Luſtre of their Gold impair;
Which ſtill the *faireſt Light* diſplays,
But when it binds a Gemm *more fair*.

Of that fam'd Tree her Breaſt was found,
The Uſe and Wonders to reveal;
Whoſe Bark *with Joy* admits a Wound,
To lend Mankind its Balm to heal.

Her generous Breaſt *more free* to grant
Relief to all that Wretches feel;
Pour'd out, unforc'd, to eaſe their Want,
And *kindly bled* without the Steel.

No Cheeks with Sorrows e'er bedew'd,
But from her Eyes Relentings drew;
No ſad Diſtreſs ſhe ever veiw'd,
But taught her Soul to mourn it too.

Whoever bled, *ſhe* ne'er refus'd
With healing Balm the Wound to cloſe;
Who wept, to bribe her Pity us'd
No Interceſſor, *but* his Woes.

Th' Afflicted *ne'er* their Grief could own,
The Needy of their Want complain,
The penſive Widow *tell* her Moan,
Or helpleſs Orphan ſigh *in vain*.

Each Paſſion, which their Eyes confeſs,
By Turns *her* Boſom does employ;
Sharing, when *Wretched*, their Diſtreſs,
And by her ſelf reliev'd, *their Joy*.

In her own Breaſt ſuch Raptures glow'd,
Such *Joy* did in *each Mercy* find,
That when her Bounty ſhe beſtow'd,
She to *her ſelf* ſeem'd only kind.

Not the fair Beams the Heavens diſpence,
(The Sun array'd in all his Pride)
Could *ever* boaſt an Influence
At once *more* Sacred, or *more* Wide;

Tho'

Tho' in the higheſt Orbs they move,
Yet neither from thoſe Heighths diſdain,
The Sun to gild the meaneſt Grove,
The *Saint* to bleſs the loweſt Swain.

What Harmony that tuneful Breath,
What Muſick muſt that Voice diſtill,
Which with *Loviſa*, after Death,
Can boaſt a Power of *melting* ſtill.

Each wond'ring Shade its Song refrains,
(The ſlighted Harp a while forbore)
To hear the Nymph in *ſofter* Strains
Her Heaven Addreſs, and *God* Adore.

On Angels Cheeks, which ſometimes riſe,
Her Zeal a Thouſand Bluſhes drew;
Viewing a Form above the Skies,
More Pious and Enchanting too.

If we, with the ſame eager Flame,
Thus for her Life with Heaven had ſtrove,
The Gods had wanted *then* a Name,
Which ſounds *ſo* Sacred *now* Above.

Ye mournful Springs, be lull'd to Reſt,
Ye Turtles, your ſad Notes reſtrain,
While with her *Berkley*'s Fate oppreſt,
The Dying *Richmond* tells her Pain.

To view her Tears their Griefs relate;
Ye Philomels, ſuſpend your Woe!
Which ne'er, *but* at a Lover's Fate,
So *ſwift*, 'till now, or *kind*, did flow.

Ye Powers, (ſhe cries) that rule Above,
To guard the Virtuous and the Brave,
Aſſert your Beings by your Love,
And in *one* Life a *thouſand* ſave!

Why

Why ſhould your Heaven ſo ſoon require
Thoſe Gifts again it lent before;
Give us, for *Moments* to admire
What we for *Ages* muſt deplore!

Ne'er may our Foes unkindly boaſt,
Viewing us conquer'd by Deſpair,
And Virtue's faireſt Model loſt,
That *Albion* is no more your Care.

Mercy will *ſure* her Succours lend,
To intercept the deſtin'd Blow,
And *kindly* urge you to defend
Your own Reſemblance here below.

Oh! may your Pity be implor'd,
To guard that Life your Goodneſs gave;
And in a *Daughter's* Life reſtor'd,
At once a *happy Mother* ſave!

That

That Night which does her Beauties hide,
Shall round my Head its Shadow throw;
One Stroke, a *double Thread* divide,
And ſave the Fates a ſecond Blow.

Thus ſome fair Flower, the Branches rent
From the kind Parent Stem, denies
To flouriſh, and her Moiſture ſpent
In Tears, conſumes away and dies.

See! from thy Arms not forc'd by Death,
(As if I envy'd Thee the Grave)
I catch in Sighs thy parting Breath,
And take again that Life I gave.

Oh! gently eaſe *my* throbbing Breaſt,
Relieve that Smart *thy* Sufferings give!
Indulge a mournful Parent's Reſt,
Tho' *dying*, tell her that you *live*.

New Joy in thy abating Pain,
And healing Breaſt do thou reſtore;
Paying me *back* a Life again,
My Love beſtow'd on Thee before!

Myſterious Love! that my Relief
Depends on hearing Thee complain;
That I take Pleaſure in thy Grief,
And think it kind to wiſh thee Pain.

Thoſe Sighs thy dearer Boſom rent,
(Which huſh'd in Silence breathes no more)
Would now be thought a *Mercy lent*,
Should pitying Heaven again reſtore.

So the faint Wretch, his Veſſel loſt,
Of Heaven implores with weeping *Eyes*;
Amidſt *ten* thouſand Billows toſt,
Shelves to appear, or Sands to riſe!

To reach *thoſe* Rocks his Arms are ſpread,
Which did ſo late his Hopes deſtroy;
And what he *once* beheld with Dread,
He *now* attempts to ſeize with Joy.

Thoſe num'rous Vows which upward fly,
Will *ſure* from Heaven that Life obtain,
And *force* that Mercy from the Sky,
Which they have *beg'd* ſo long in vain.

Oh! yet my fleeting Soul to keep
In her ſad Breaſt, *ſome Way* contrive;
Lament, complain, deſpair, and weep,
Do *any Thing*, to ſay, you live.

One Sigh to ſpeak thee ſtill alive,
Would now relieve our Sorrows more;
Thy *ſaddeſt looks* more Hearts revive,
Than e'er thy *faireſt* did before!

Yet ſee! to give our Souls Relief,
How kindly both our Arts employ!
She ſmiles in Death, to eaſe my Grief,
To ſoften Hers, *I feign* a Joy.

Tho' our deſpairing Looks confeſs
The Dread which in our Boſom lies;
To make each other's Fear the leſs,
She hides her Fate, and *I* my Eyes.

'Tis paſt, —— with that deciding Groan,
Nature, Oh! *Berkley*, ends the Strife,
And leaves us in one Fate to moan,
A Daughter *me*, and *you* a Wife!

What Pains a *Lover's* Heart divide,
Your aking Boſom better knows;
My Pangs no leſs than thoſe I try'd,
When firſt I felt a Mother's Thro's.

Her

Her Charms could *then* my Woes beguile,
While with my Grief, my Raptures grew;
And *doubly* pay me with a Smile,
For all the *happy Pains* I knew.

Fate, that *again* renews the Smart,
Does *no Loviſa*'s Charms reveal;
Deep in my Boſom hides the *Dart*,
And yet denies the *Balm* to heal.

Thus Breathleſs on her ſpicy Bed,
The *fair* expiring *Phœnix* lies;
And bending down his lofty Head,
Oppreſs'd with *flaming Odours* dies.

'Till ſoaring from the fertile Neſt,
A brighter Offspring wings his Way;
With Plumes of richeſt Colours dreſt,
And *all* his Parents Beauties, *gay*.

Oh!

Oh! may the Birds myſterious Fate,
Preſage thy Glories like return;
Thou from thy Herſe freſh Honours date,
As *He* new Vigour from his Urn.

Your Fame alike by Heaven decree'd,
(The *brighteſt* Bird, and *faireſt* Dame)
Shall bleſs alike, from Suffering free'd,
Thou the Diſeaſe, and *He* the Flame.

See! ſmiling round the lonely Bed,
Your Infant Offspring ſtill appear;
And by the fair Idea led,
Still hope to find a Mother there.

With conſcious Looks they each confeſs
The Joy that in their Boſom lies;
Each watching when your Love would bleſs,
With ſome *fond Gift* their begging Eyes.

'Till

'Till ſad, and waiting long in vain,
No Voice they hear, *or Pity* find;
And can no more their Tears refrain,
But ſighing, *think* you are *unkind.*

Oh *Berkley!* if the Bleſs'd above,
New Pleaſures feel, or Raptures know;
If happy Shades a *Bliſs* can prove,
From Scenes they *yet* ſurvey below.

A while divert your Eyes from thence,
(Which Objects ſcarce ſo fair employ)
And let *their* Bloom, and Innocence,
Imperfect yet, *compleat* your Joy.

Thus the *fair Queen* of Love, beneath
Some Shade does her *Adonis* grieve;
And while ſhe moans *one* ſingle Death,
Her beauteous Eyes a *thouſand* give.

Thoſe

Thoſe Tears which from her Sorrows flow,
In each a *different* Paſſion move,
Serve to adorn the *Goddeſs* Woe,
To kindle each *Beholder's* Love!

If, *Richmond*, your Celeſtial Grace,
Your *Berkley*'s Fate does not impair,
No future Chance ſhall e'er deface
That Beauty which *her Death* does ſpare!

No more your Cheeks, the comely Tears
Shall of their matchleſs Bloom diſarm,
When *lovely* thus your Grief appears,
And while you yet *DESPAIR*, you *CHARM*.

While the ‖ *ſad Hero*, void of Reſt, ‖ *E. of* Berkley.
Kindly complains *He* e'er ſhould prove
A Paſſion in his aking Breaſt,
To *rival*, and *exceed* his Love!

No

No more, as His *Louiſa* dies,
From that Deſpair He can refrain,
Which Seas ſo oft, and angry Skies
Have urg'd him to confeſs *in vain*.

Too weak before the Shaft deſign'd,
Fate now directs a ſurer Dart;
Knowing *no* Paſſage elſe would find,
But *through Her* Breaſt, His yielding Heart.

Ye Wreaths (*ſays He*) and Camps adieu!
Ye empty Joys which Conqueſt yields;
With *all* the glitt'ring Names I drew,
From bleeding Seas, and vanquiſh'd Fields!

Fame ſhall *no more* her Crowns prepare,
Her Hero with freſh Laurels greet;
Which on my Brows ne'er bloom'd ſo fair,
As ſpread beneath *Louiſa*'s Feet.

Her Beauty did my Breaſt inſpire
With Brav'ry, fatal as her Charms,
Lent to my *glowing* Breaſt its Fire,
Its *Vengeance* to my daring Arms.

A thouſand Foes, who urg'd my Hate,
(While I in vain invok'd the Skies)
All owe the Rigour of their Fate,
Leſs to *my Sword*, than to *her Eyes*.

What Groves in darkeſt Shades appear,
What Streams in ſaddeſt Murmurs flow,
Now pleaſing ſeem, becauſe they wear
So juſt an Image of my Woe!

No more my Breaſt, with glorious Stains
Diſcolour'd, her *fond Arm* ſurrounds;
No more laments to read my Pains,
Or dying trembles o'er my Wounds.

No more her Lips with eager Haſte,
The Story of my Fate implore;
Penſive at once for Dangers paſt,
And *ſmiling*, they are now no more!

In Sighs *no longer* waſtes her Breath,
To ask the cruel Cauſe, I prove
More Raptures in the *Fields of Death*,
Than in the ſafe *Retreats* of *Love*.

My Pleaſures did themſelves deſtroy,
Divided which to prize the moſt;
While ev'ry Hour the *greateſt Joy*,
Was ſtill beneath a *greater* loſt.

So the gay Flow'rs the Spring adorn,
Which *Phœbus* Rays at Noon impair;
From each inſpiring fragrant Morn,
Borrow *again* a Bloom more fair.

Each preſent Day ſhe faireſt ſeem'd,
'Till by her ſelf the next ſurpaſt;
The *following* Moments ſtill were deem'd,
In *Tranſports* to exceed *the laſt.*

So a rich Gem, as we deſire
A *ſecond* with a Light more ſtrong,
Strikes on our Eyes, that we admire
Why at the *firſt* we gaz'd ſo long.

Each Scene of Life ſhe fill'd *ſo* well,
So kindly *all* my Love repaid;
Who charm'd the moſt, I ſcarce could tell,
The *bluſhing Bride*, or *beauteous Maid.*

Time, that each fading Bliſs deſtroys,
But *taught* my Pleaſures to improve!
Heighten'd to Extaſy my Joys,
And into Raptures wing'd my Love!

But

But *where* tranſported do I rove?
Why trace again my Pleaſures o'er;
And wander through *thoſe* Scenes of Love,
By Fate decreed to pleaſe *no more*?

See *there*, of endleſs Bliſs ſecur'd,
She ſoaring gains upon the Skies;
With Brightneſs, *ſcarce* to be endur'd
By any, but *immortal* Eyes.

Admiring Angels round her flow,
To guard the riſing lovely Shade;
Scarce with thoſe Beauties they beſtow,
And Beams of Light, *much* fairer made.

Each ſmiling Form among the Bleſs'd,
To cloath her with new Glories ſtrove;
But found Her of each Grace poſſeſs'd,
Which they *enjoy*, or *prize* above!

So

So in a Piece already fair,
The curious Artiſt that would lend
New Beauties, *only* does impair
That *Luſtre* which he ſtrives to mend.

See through the fair Retreats above,
(And *fairer* by *her* Preſence made)
* *Maria*'s Self with Rapture move, * Queen Mary.
To hail and bleſs the beauteous Shade.

Pleas'd to reſign the foremoſt Place
She held in Bliſs above the Skies;
Which with the ſame peculiar Grace
The *Queen* preſents, and *Saint* denies.

While † *Anna*, kinder to relate, † Queen Anne.
That Grief Her Boſom did ſuſtain
At *Glou'ſter*'s Death, recalls his Fate,
And meaſures thence *ſad Richmond*'s Pain.

What Paſſions ev'ry Breaſt did prove,
As he expir'd, again o'erflow
Thoſe Raptures which he gave above,
And *that* Deſpair he left below.

FINIS.

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